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LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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PUBLISHED BY S. E. CASSINO BOSTON

LITTLE FOLKS desires a reliable agent in every town and city. Liberal terms will be made with persons having some leisure to devote to securing subscribers.

Publisher's Talk with Little Folks' Readers.

HOW many girls and boys will write and tell me what stories in LITTLE FOLKS they like best? I should like to talk with you all and so find out a great many things which I need to know, for I want to give you the best stories and rhymes that can be written for children, and I need to know what you like best. As it is impossible to talk with you all, I hope a great many will write, or ask their parents to write. You may mark your letters about what you enjoy most, "personal."

Plans for the next volume are being made, and your letters will be carefully considered.

In my desk is a large package of cards, and on each card is the name of a boy or girl who has sent one or more subscribers. Every one who has sent a subscriber, and so helped to establish the magazine, would find his or her name in this card catalogue. It is a large package and it grows every day. And there are cards which contain the name of every one who has written me and promised to *try* and get some subscribers. I have just been looking over the names and thinking that if every boy or girl should send two subscribers, or even one, during the first month of vacation, it would make over a thousand new names. And beside helping to make LITTLE FOLKS known and successful, you would secure a premium, and LITTLE FOLKS never offers any but good premiums.

There is another way my little friends can help. I suppose there is some person in every place in this country who has had experience in taking subscriptions for magazines, or similar work, who would be glad to take orders for the best magazine for children (that is LITTLE FOLKS, is it not?). But it takes a long time to find them unless you are willing to find out for me and send me the name and address. LITTLE FOLKS wants to be at home in every village and city in the land, and to accomplish this it needs good active agents. There are to-day one hundred and twenty one subscribers in Portland, Oregon, and LITTLE FOLKS is just as much at home in Portland as in Boston, and it is as much at home in David City, Nebraska, with 29 subscribers, and in Atlanta, Ga., with 36 subscribers. Will *you* help make a home for the new magazine?

Contents of Little Folks, July, 1898.

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THE GOOD OLD FOURTH!

LITTLE FOLKS

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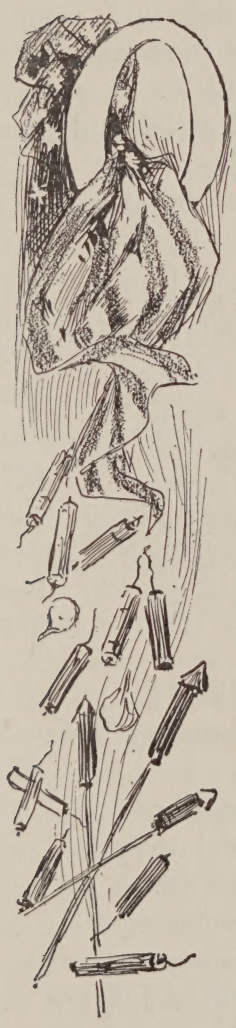
THE GOOD OLD FOURTH OF JULY.



F all the days of the year
For racket and frolic and noise,
When every sound you hear
Is a drum, or a horn, or a cheer,
And the world is made for boys,
When the bands go playing away,
And the big flags float so high,
The jolliest jumpingest day
Is the good old Fourth of July!

Just as soon as it's light—
Yes, long before the sun,
For the day begins in the night—
You're out of your bed in a fright,
For fear you have missed some fun!
And your fastest dressing is slow,
And it's hard to keep from a shout,
As you hear the fellows below
Whistling to hurry you out.

Then away, away, with the crowd!
While the white torpedoes squall,
And the cannon crackers boom loud,
And your heart grows big and proud,
To think you belong to it all!

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And then in the steeples begin
Clashing and clang of the bells,
Till the loud street rocks with the din,
As high in the air it swells.

So the hurrying hours go by,
While the guns and crackers get louder
'Till you'd think they'd pierce the sky!
And oh! how the great flags fly!
And oh! the smell of the powder!
And oh! the fun of the dark!
With the fireworks gleaming and glowing;
And the bonfires up in the park
In flares on the night-wind blowing!

And the Roman candles' glare!
And the pinwheels rolling and fizzing!
And the shooting rockets that tear
Golden and red through the air
With tails like a comet whizzing!
And the fiery serpents a-creep
Like flames from a furnace blast!
And—the bed, and the beautiful sleep,
That wait for a fellow at last!

O Christmas I love as I should,
And Washington's Birthday is fun;
I think all holidays good,
And I'd make some more if I could;
But when all is said and done,
For racket and frolic and noise
There's nothing under the sky
So dear to the heart of us boys
As the good old Fourth of July!

M. E. B.

A SHINING LITTLE PATRIOT.

HANNAH Gibson was a little Boston girl one hundred and twenty-two years ago. She dearly loved to help her mother with the housework. There was much to be done in those days of spinning and weaving, sewing and scrubbing, but best of all Hannah liked to shine up the big brass candlesticks until they looked like gold. They had been brought over in the Mayflower, and little Hannah was very, very proud of them.

This little Boston maid lived not very far from the King's Chapel, but she was a good little Puritan and always went, on the Sabbath, with her father and mother, to the Old South Church. She had often watched the grand British officers going to the King's Chapel, and many times longed to go in and hear the service and see the beautiful church itself.

There were lively times in Boston in the Spring of 1776. General Washington had caused the British to leave the town. All the troops and a great many families loyal to England had gone, so Hannah could no longer watch the fine men in uniforms going to the Chapel on Sunday morning.

There was one thing about the dark old granite church that little Hannah always stared at and longed to get near. It was the great brass door-knob with a large ring through it. Her fingers just ached to make it as bright and shining as she thought it ought to be. The sexton cleaned and dusted the church every week, but never seemed to think about the door-knob. Hannah believed that anything made of brass ought to shine. If it didn't, why—it might better be of iron!

She had never been inside the King's Chapel; but one warm July Saturday, seeing the sexton open the door, she thought she would peep in. She never would have dared do such a thing while the British were in town, for there *might* have been a red-coat inside ready to carry her away!

Hannah went down the road. Everything was very quiet, for in a few hours, at sundown, the Sabbath would begin. She

slipped in at the big church gate and softly turned the great door-handle. The sexton must be somewhere inside, but she could not see or hear him.

How pretty the church was, with its high box pews with crimson cushions. In front was the pulpit, high in the air, like a little round house, with such a cunning stair leading up to it.

"It would make a dear little play-house," thought Hannah, when suddenly a door slammed. She scampered out, very frightened and trembling, but brave enough when she reached the portico. There a bright thought came to her.

The sexton was always busy inside until sundown. Why could she not shine up the old brass door-knob?

"I'll do it," she said, as she hurried home to get the scouring things. "I'm not afraid. He would like to have it done, and I know the people that go there to church would like to see it shine."

How her fingers flew as she began work on the great door-handle with its heavy ring! So few people were passing that no one noticed her or what she was doing. Pretty soon the old brass work began to shine a little. Then, as the small fingers rubbed and rubbed, it grew brighter and brighter, like a sunrise. When she had finished it looked like a big piece of bright new gold.

Hannah wiped her hot red face on her apron. "It's a beautiful door-knob," she said. "The church people will be proud of it to-morrow. This is *my* celebration."

Her father had told her all about celebrations, and why everybody had planned to have bonfires and music, and marching, to celebrate the first birthday of the United States of America.

"It's just as much a celebration as if I made a bonfire," thought Hannah. "I'm sure it shines like a bonfire. This church used to belong to the British, and now it is ours, because they have all gone away. It is the best time to have the door-knob shine."

Just then the big door opened slowly. Hannah *was* afraid, after all. She hid behind one of the big porch pillars, and

watched the sexton go slowly away. His work was done, but hers wasn't. There was one thing more.

She ran home with her scouring things and put them away. Then she got down her father's ink-horn and quill pen, and printed in large letters, on a piece of paper:

THIS WAS DONE IN HONOR OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Back she ran to the Chapel and pinned it above the shining door-knob.

Sunday morning she watched for the sexton to come. Would he take the paper down? No, he read it and laughed quietly, and then left it there. And all the people looked at it as they passed in to service, and wondered who had done it. But they never found out.

HANNAH AT KING'S CHAPEL DOOR.

And to this day, any child who lives near enough can go down Tremont street in Boston and see the old King's Chapel, and the high pews, and the little pulpit with its winding stair, and the same big brass door-knob that little Hannah Gibson shined so many years ago.

May W. Clymer.

A STRANGE TREE.

(A Puzzle Poem.)

THERE'S a strange little tree that grows in our house,
It was planted there only last fall,
And yet all its limbs are loaded with fruit,
And it flourishes well in the hall.

You could study a year all the books that you know,
And never once find out its name,
But its limbs, although leafless, are heavy each morn
With strange-looking fruits, none the same.

All shapes and all sizes, queer colors and kinds,
Are picked from the branches each day,
By papa and mama, and Dickie and me,
When going to school, or to play.

Yet at night, when the family 's home and in bed,
That busy young tree bears again
Its odd-looking fruit, brown, black, red and blue—
And of "overwork" doesn't complain!

Dear, dear! but it's queer—yet its name you may guess
If you stand at the foot of the stairs;
For this odd tree 's the ...-.... that grows in the hall,
And our .... are the fruit that it bears.

Everard Jack Appleton.

THE VERY STRONG GROTESQUEMAU.

TOMMY LOOKED ON WITH BIG EYES.

DONALD'S GOOD HEN.

CHAPTER III. — CURLY COMB AND TOMMY.

TOMMY Ballard was not any older than Donald. But he was a larger little boy. His eyes and hair were hazel-brown, and he wore little trousers and a little roundabout.

Donald asked him to play croquet, as they were in the front yard. But Tommy didn't know how to play croquet. Donald did not, either, not truly, but he and little Oscar liked to drive the balls about with the mallets.

The woodbine on the house was in blossom, and the bees from a neighbor's hives near by, were buzzing in the vines in swarms. Little Oscar didn't like "bumblef'ys," so Donald invited Tommy around to see the hens.

Curly Comb was out by the hen-yard, alone, by herself. Donald put down his arm, and Curly Comb stepped up on it and sat down with a pretty little nestle of all her shining white feathers. Donald had trained her to do that. He never now had to pick her up.

Tommy looked on, with big eyes. "Let me take her," he said, after Donald had walked about with her a minute or two, and after Oscar had smoothed her wings with his soft fat hand. He came up, quick, to lift her up from Donald's arm, but Curly Comb gave a great cackle, and flew up into the little plum-tree that grew by the hen-yard.

"She don't love anybody but Donny," cried Oscar. "She loves me a little, on'y jus' a little. You musn't touch Curly."

But Tommy said he should climb up and get her, and he began to climb.

With another cackle, Curly Comb flew down out of the tree, upon Donald's head. She often settled down upon Donald's head. Donald said it didn't hurt him any.

"Well," said Tommy, "I won't touch her. Isn't she fine? I wish I had her."

They went on, out by the little coops, where the hens lived that had broods of chickens. Tommy tried to take up some of the littlest, newest chickens, and their mother did her best to get through between the slats of the coop and bite him. But she couldn't, and Tommy laughed at her, and said, "Don't you wish you could?"

Then it was that Donald's hen showed again that she was a hen that would not see anybody in trouble and fail to go to their rescue. Tommy was down on the ground with the little chickens, and they were peeping in distress, for he had three of them in his hands, and Oscar was trying to get them from him to give back to the poor mother. Down flew Curly Comb into the midst of the trouble, right on Tommy, and began to nip his hands and his head with her bill. She nipped him just as fast as she could, her beautiful head with its great scarlet comb darting at him in a perfectly terrible manner. Donald was scared, and ran and took her, and Tommy got up, crying. The backs of his hands were almost black and blue, for a hen bites hard.

But Tommy wasn't angry at Curly Comb. He looked back at her as they came away. She was sitting on the ground by the coop, as if she meant to stay and guard the mother-hen inside.

"Isn't she a smart hen!" he said. "I wish she was mine!"

Dorcas came out now to say to Donald and Oscar that a lady had come to call on their mother, and they were to go in the house to see her.

When they came out again Tommy and his father had gone, and Oscar went back into the house. He sat down to play with his blocks, and he said to his mother, "The wooster combs his hair."

"Does he? Who told you so?"

"Tommy did. He said the wooster took off his comb ev'ry-day and combed his hair."

DOWN FLEW CURLY COMB INTO THE MIDST OF THE TROUBLE.

Mrs. Burden said that Tommy must be a funny little boy, and that he only meant to have a joke.

Oscar shook his head. "I fink," he said, "the wooster *does* comb his hair."

Donald had not gone in. He was up in the apple-tree, where he often climbed to sit, with a picture-book.

From his seat, he could see the hen-house, and many little knots of hens and chickens scratching around in the meadow. He looked about for Curly Comb, but could not see her. At last he climbed down and went in search of her.

She was not in the hen-house, nor out in the meadow. You can see a white hen anywhere if she *is* anywhere!

Levi was unloading hay in the barn. Donald hurried in there, and demanded of Levi, "Where is my Curly Comb?"

"I haven't seen her," said Levi.

"She is lost!" declared Donald, beginning to cry.

"O, she will turn up before long," said Levi.

Donald went out and began to hunt again. Suddenly a perfectly awful thought came into his mind. He remembered that Tommy Ballard said he wished he had such a hen. Perhaps after he and Oscar had gone into the house, Tommy had carried her off.

In a panic of distress Donald ran into the house to his mother.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) *Kate Upson Clark.*

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN OLD PLYMOUTH WHEN MRS. DIAZ WAS SCHOOLMA'AM.

THE "Fourth," in those days, was always a children's celebration, and in one quarter of the old pilgrim-town for some years the Independence doings were carried on by the Schoolma'am.

And how did children celebrate then?

Well, the first thing small boys did was to get up, and out-doors, early in the morning, and make a noise. In the morning? In the night, if they could. For the main thing with every boy was to be out and making a noise as early as any other boy.

In vain did mothers, grandmothers, aunties, take means for keeping the small boys asleep. No matter what precautions were taken, before daylight there would come showers of pebbles upon the roof, and shouts and whistlings, with long yells

like these: "*Tom-mee-ee-ee-ee!*" "*Johnnee-i-ee-o-oo-oo-oo!*" "*Why don't ye come o-u-t!*" And almost before their eyes were open those small boys would tumble out of bed and into their worst clothes, and down stairs, and in a minute or two *their* shouts, and *their* crackers, would be heard with the others.

Later on, at sunrise, would be added the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon, and the popping off of crackers in barrels, and the snapping of torpedoes, and the banging of guns, and the drumming of drums, and more tootings of more horns, until that part of the "celebrating" was complete.

A sight to behold were those small boys at breakfast time, with hands blackened, faces smirched, holes burnt in their clothes; yet gay and happy—for had they not been up and out with the other boys, before daylight, in the very midst of the goings-on, and helped to make the goings-on? And now, would they not be all ready for the Picnic? Were not their second-best clothes laid out on the bed, with collars and ribbons, and best hats and caps, and a flag to wave in the hay-wagon?

For whether children went to the "Picnic Schoolma'am's" school, or to other schools, the Picnic Schoolma'am always let them put their names on her "List," and told them the Picnic rule:

"*The children of a family must take enough for themselves to eat, and each child a tin cup or other kind to drink from, and ten cents to pay for the hay-wagons, horses and drivers.*"

The hay-wagons were long, and were railed about, and were trimmed with green boughs, and were drawn by two, or perhaps four, horses. They had seats running around the sides and across the middle, and the baskets could go under the seats.

At ten o'clock the hay-wagons were at the Picnic Schoolma'am's schoolhouse, and the children were there too, flags in hand, scrambling in at the front, behind, and over the wheels. The "List" was called over. Then at the Schoolma'am's signal the drivers caught up the reins and snapped their whips, the horses began to step, the wheels began to go round, the hay-wagons began to go along, the flags began to wave, the hurrahs began to sound, and the Picnic began to begin.

Now, though it was a children's celebration, some of the grown-up folk always wished they could be in it, and thus it came to pass that buggies and carryalls were to be seen coming behind the Procession. And it was well always that they came; for up at the Grove, by the blue waters of "Little Billington," grown-up people were much needed to put up the ropes for swings, and to swing the swingers, and to keep the smallest little folk out of "Little Billington," and to help the Schoolma'am about the games—"Fox and Geese," "Tag," "Touch the Goal," "Little Sally Waters," and "Fairy-Ann-my-Fairy."

STARTING FOR THE PICNIC.

Also, when dinner-time came, grown-up folk were needed to spread down the tablecloths in the smoothest spot. It was the children's part to trim all the cloths around the edges with wreaths made of oak leaves, putting a flower here and there. This work kept them from thinking they were hungry and waiting for dinner, or "dry" and waiting for the lemonade to be done.

After dinner, more fun. Here came the drawback of having grown-up folk along — grown-up folk always know when it is

time to go home. When that time came, the food that had been left was handed round; and everybody's cups and things had to go into everybody's right basket; and the whole crowd, old and young, had to look about to find any cup, plate, spoon, fork, knife, shawl, handkerchief, that might have been dropped anywhere; and every boy and girl had to be sure of taking all their things and the right things.

Then the horses were untied from the trees and put to the wagons, and then came another scramble of the children into the wagons, behind, in front, over the wheels, jubilant as ever, for the Picnic was not yet at an end. Oh no! There was the ride back, and there was the cheering, and the singing, and the flag-waving.

For the going home was by a long way round, through the town. The children knew how to sing, and sing they did, at the tops of their voices, especially "*America*," "*Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean*," and "*Star Spangled Banner*." They knew how to wave tremendously, and wave tremendously they did, giving "three cheers"—Fourth of July cheers, whenever people came running to their windows to look out; and many a wave and many a cheer came back from carriages that met the Procession, and from the sidewalks; and very likely, to the delight of the hay-wagons, someone would shout, "There goes the Schoolma'am's Independence Day Picnic!"

Arrived at their own village the children were dropped at their various homes, loth to leave, yet not given wholly up to sorrow, for it was about time for the sunset bell-ringing; and in the evening, after supper, there would be family gatherings on the hill-tops to watch the rockets and fireworks sent up from the town.

Thus, with a late going-to-bed, would be ended the Plymouth Children's Fourth of July.

And now, isn't it funny? Those noise-loving boys and girls are themselves the grown-up folk, and are trying to keep their own children and grandchildren asleep, Independence Day Morning!

Abby Morton Diaz.

MY MAMA'S SLEEPY-CHARM.

I was snug in my bed, but I could not sleep,
So I lay there and counted the Dreamland sheep,
As over the meadow at set of the sun
The dear little lambkins went one by one;
For my mama has said that counting the sheep
Is a *very* nice way of going to sleep!

Out over the meadow, and over the wall,
I counted, and counted, and counted them all!
The big sheep, the little sheep, white sheep and black,
They passed through the meadow and never came back;
First one sheep, then two sheep, then ten, then a score,
In fifties and sixties, in hundreds and more.

But big sheep or little sheep, white sheep or black,
I am sure that not one of them ever came back—
And the pretty green meadow, the next that I knew,
Was full of white daisies that danced in the dew,
And the sunlight was shining right over my head—
And I was awake, in my dear little bed!

Gertrude E. Heath.

THE CHILDREN OF LIBERTY.

ONE bright July morning, a hundred and twenty-two years ago, upon a high bench in the Pine Hill school-house, sat six-years-old Patty.

Under the bench were placed, carefully, the stout cowskin shoes she had walked in, and her little bare feet, under her blue and white homespun gown, just touched the floor. To keep out the hot sunshine the open windows had been filled with green boughs, and their leaves made a low rustling. As softly as the leaves little Patty was whispering to herself. "Twice one is two; twice two is four, she said."

All the children were taught "the tables," but the seven older scholars studied Dilworth's Arithmetic, and six of them used one book. Books were scarce and costly then. Patty had only one, a New England Primer. She was very fond of its inch-square pictures, and of its short rhymes, such as "My book and heart Shall never part," and "The cat doth play, And after slay."

"Twice three is six," she went on, and the master looked at her and smiled. He was a young man, with hair combed straight back and fastened in a tight braid behind. The other scholars called him "cross," but every one loved Patty; the little girls because she was so gentle in her play, and the boys because she always cried when one of them was beaten with the birch rod, which in those days was called the best cure for "children's naughty spells."

"Twice four is eight," Patty began, but she heard a sound in the doorway, and there stood the minister in his Sunday wig and best knee-buckles, and his face all aglow. As he came in, the scholars rose; the boys made their best bows, and the girls dropped their lowest curtesies. Patty's blue and white gown touched the floor all around.

"My young friends," said the minister, "I have come with very great and good news. Word has just reached us that on the fourth day of this month, the wise men acting for us in Congress, in Philadelphia, declared that, henceforth, as Free and Independent States, we shall form a new nation.

"You are no longer the subjects of a far-away King. You are the Children of Liberty.

"In spite of war, I believe the fire of Freedom will never go out, and that a hundred years from now, through all the land, the Fourth of July will everywhere be a day of rejoicing. Let us thank God."

He closed his eyes to pray, and Patty devoutly shut hers. She could not understand what had happened. Stranger yet it seemed when his prayer was over, and he said, "I came first to you because the children are the hope of the future, and I want you to march with me and share the pleasure of telling this good news."

As he spoke, outside the door was heard the sound of a fife. Someone was playing the lively tune of "Yankee Doodle," then known as "Lucy Locket."

Once out of doors, the big boys shouted and hurrahed, while little Tommy Burbean thought "the Britishers were coming," and began to cry and scream. Patty, putting on her shoes, left one untied and hurried to him. "You mustn't cry, Tommy," she said; "You are a Child of Liberty."

"What's that?" said Tommy.

"I don't know," said Patty thoughtfully; "perhaps it is something better than we *can* know." Then she gave him a piece of sap sugar from her dinner-basket, and he was comforted.

Down the steep hill the little procession kept time to the music of the one fife. "In the march of Freedom preacher and

THE CHILDREN OF LIBERTY.

schoolmaster should lead," said the minister. He, with the teacher, went front. Then came the large boys, then the girls, and Patty and little Tom last.

The first man they met was the doctor on horse-back. "What's this?" asked he.

"It's the army of the Free and Independent States," said the minister.

"Small army, and half of it girls!" laughed the doctor, and rode on.

The next person was the shoemaker with his kit of tools. "What's this?" he said.

"The Congress has broken with King George," said the schoolmaster, "and we are out rejoicing."

Then they came to the store, where half a dozen men had gathered round the door. "What's this?" asked one.

"We's Childs of Liberty," shouted the now happy little Tommy at the top of his voice.

Thus, telling the news to all they saw, the little band went on till they came to the meetinghouse, when the minister said they had gone far enough, and that each could return home, for they would have no more school tasks that day.

So, all the long afternoon, the children spent in the plays they chose, and the larger boys gathered together dry wood, and bark, and pine knots for an evening bonfire. When it grew dark, Patty, looking out the window, saw on the rocky hill-top a wonderful light glowing against the sky.

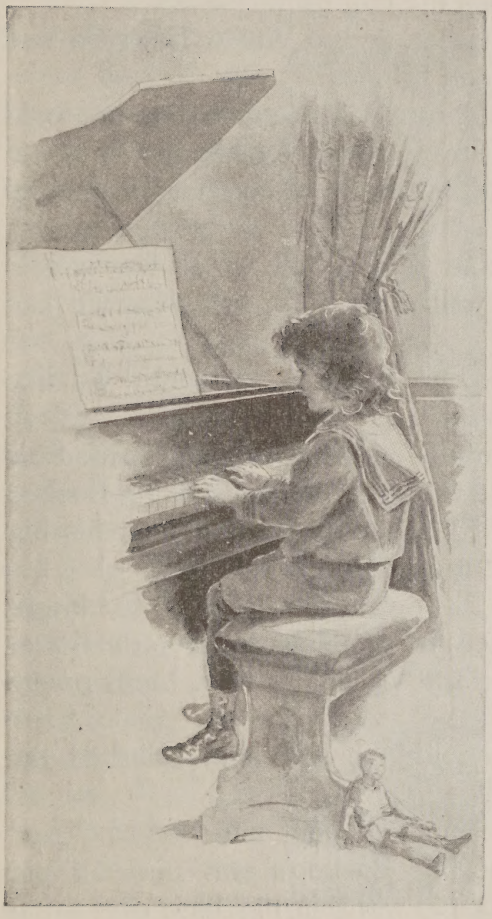
"It is the fire of Freedom," Patty said, repeating to herself the minister's words; "it will never go out."

Marian Douglas.

POLLY was invited to afternoon-tea,
The time was set for half-past-three;
But, fearing perhaps that she might be late,
She commenced to dress at half-past-eight.

Mary B. Florence.

A RAINY DAY STORY.

(*The Booboo Stories.*)

PLAYING HIS SIX LITTLE TUNES.

YES, the little Booboo could certainly do a great many things for his age. Everything that his father did he wanted to learn to do, and he was such a bright little boy it was really a pleasure to teach him.

You would have been surprised, I know, if you could have heard him play on the grand piano. He could play six little tunes, and play them well!

Waldo Emerson always sat with wonder in his blue eyes and listened while Robbie played. (Waldo Emerson was Robbie's doll.)

And Ruben would sit with his nose on his paws and blink and listen too. (Ruben was Robbie's big Newfoundland dog.)

And one day it was raining, and Robbie was playing his six little tunes for Waldo Emerson and Ruben. (His father was asleep on a couch near by with a newspaper over his face.)

And when he had played until he was tired, he said, "Now, if you'll sit very still I'll read to you, Waldo and Ruben."

And all at once his father jumped up and said, "Read to me too, I'll sit still, dear little Booboo, read to me too!"

And Robbie ran and got his books—he had two little books with beautiful stories in them. He could read all the stories in those two little books! And out of doors it rained harder and harder. In great bright drops the rain came down.

And Robbie read to his father, and to Waldo Emerson and Ruben, and they all sat still and listened.

He was only five years old, the little Booboo, but he could certainly, certainly do a great many things for his age.

And when he had read until he was tired he said, "I want to go out and walk in the rain."

And Ruben jumped up and said, "Bow wow! Bow wow!" which meant, "Well, now, well now, that's just what I'd like to do!"

And the big Booboo jumped up and said, "Hurrah! I'd like to go out too and so would Waldo Emerson!"

And the little Booboo put on his little rubber cap and his little rubber coat and his little rubber boots, and the big Booboo put on his big rubber cap and his big rubber coat and his big rubber boots, and they all went out into the rain to walk!

And oh how hard it rained—out of the sky the great bright drops came chasing each other and tumbling down on the flower beds. And all along beside the walks the little brooks were running.

And Robbie waded in the little brooks and splashed the water as much as he pleased.

And Ruben jumped and scampered about and barked. And Waldo Emerson rode on the big Booboo's arm under a big umbrella, and looked, and looked with his big blue eyes—but he never said a thing.

And all at once the big Booboo said, "Who is that coming in our garden gate under those big umbrellas?"

And Robbie clapped his hands and cried, "Oh, oh, the little girls who live in the big stone house have come over to play with me!"

And the little girls came up the walk, under their big umbrellas, and all you could see were their little feet, under their big umbrellas!

And Robbie ran down the walk to meet them. "I'm glad you came over to see me," he called. "Isn't it fun to play in the rain?"

And Arabella looked out from under her umbrella and smiled, and Araminta looked out from under her umbrella and smiled, but they did not say a thing—I suppose they felt a little shy.

ROBBIE SPLASHED AS MUCH AS HE PLEASED.

And the big Booboo said, "Come, we'll all go out to the big red barn and feed the pigeons."

And when they went into the big red barn, down the pigeons flew, with a flutter and coo asking for something to eat. And one of the pigeons lit on Arabella's shoulder, and one of the pigeons lit on Araminta's shoulder. But, oh, you should have seen the little Booboo—the pigeons were all around him! There were two on his head, and four on each of his shoulders! And Arabella laughed to see them, and Araminta laughed to see them, and then they began to feel acquainted.

Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."

"STOP AND LISTEN TO ME!"

A RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD.

Cheree!
Little girl, little boy, stop and listen to me!
For, see, I have come with a rose on my wing,
Little girl, little boy, to you to sing.
See me swing, hear me sing, on the blue fleur-de-lis,
On the slim willow tree, *cheree! cheree!*
Chuck, chuck, chuck, cheree! cheree!

Cheree!
I would sing like the thrush in the green maple tree!
I've the heart of the merle and the mavis too,
And I pipe so loud that I shake the dew
On the nest of my dear little mate that I see
In the low prince's-pine, *cheree! cheree!*
Chuck, chuck, chuck, cheree! cheree!

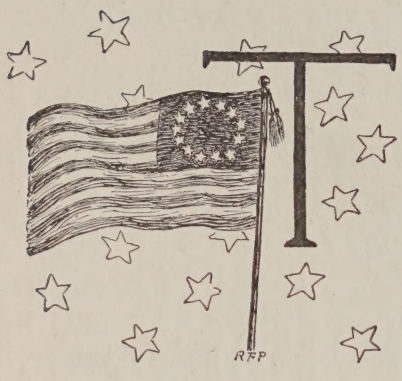
Cheree!
There are birds that would sing but are songless, ah me,
And that carry no roses upon their wings!
My plain little mate but seldom she sings,
So I sing for my mate when I sing, do you see—
And I sing for them all, *cheree! cheree!*
Chuck, chuck, chuck, cheree! cheree!

Cheree!
And my still little mate on our nest sits she,
While I sing for the birds that no roses bear,
And that sing no songs in the sun-bright air!
Little girl, little boy, learn of loving from me—
For the silent to sing, *cheree! cheree!*
Chuck, chuck, chuck, cheree! cheree!

Cheree!
Little girl, little boy, love my mate much as me,
And the birds that but chirp, the birds that are plain!
To-morrow I'll sing for them all again,
On the slim willow tree, and the blue fleur-de-lis,
With a *chuck, chuck, chuck*, and a *cong-cheree*,
Chuck, chuck, chuck, cong-cheree!

Hezekiah Butterworth.

THE FIVE-POINTED STAR.



THE BETSEY ROSS FLAG.

THERE is a little old two-story brick house in Philadelphia which a great many mothers take their children to visit. It stands on Arch Street, and looks just as it did before the Revolutionary war, excepting that now there is a tobacco store kept in it, in front, where there was an upholsterer's shop in Revolutionary days. The number of the house, once 89, is now 239.

One hundred and twenty-one years ago this house was the home of Betsey Ross, the woman who made the first national flag for our country. She was a good needlewoman, and helped her husband in his upholstery business, and it was probably for this reason that General Washington was directed to go to her about making the flag.

For it was General Washington, with two other noted men, who came to the little brick house in June, 1777, to ask Betsey Ross to make an American flag.

To-day you may walk into the little parlor back of the shop, and see its tiles, and small-paned windows, and solid oak floor, just as it was when General Washington sat and talked about making the flag with Betsey Ross a century ago. He had brought with him a rough sketch on paper. He wanted the flag to be red, white and blue. He wanted it to have thirteen stripes, first a red, and then a white one, and thirteen white stars on a blue field in the upper corner next the flag-staff.

The thirteen stars, thirteen stripes, stood for thirteen States —the thirteen colonies which meant to be free from English rule.

You may notice that the stars on our flag have five points each. It is said that in the rough drawing which General Washington showed Mrs. Ross the star shown had six points, like the

star used in English heraldry. Betsey Ross thought that we might use instead the five-pointed star used by the French, who were willing to help the Americans against the English.

To show the visitors what she meant Betsey Ross folded a piece of paper and with a single clip of her sharp scissors made a perfect five-pointed star. They thought it a good idea, and General Washington re-drew the pattern of the flag with a pencil.

To-day, the stars on our flag are arranged in even rows. But at first the stars were placed in a circle.

Congress adopted the flag which Betsey Ross made as the American flag, on June 14th, 1777.

Afterward Betsey Ross had an order to make all the Government flags. Her daughters grew up and helped their mother. There is a story that Betsey Ross made embroidered ruffles for General Washington's fine cambric shirts, but we do not know that it was true.

If you go to Old Christ Church in Philadelphia, you see a pew on the north aisle with a tiny American flag placed on it. This is to show that "Number 12" was the pew where Betsey Ross sat at church long years ago. A brass plate on the pew tells that the flag-maker sat there.

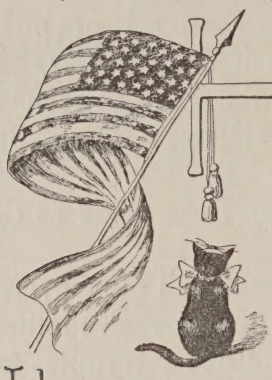
The 14th of June is now called Flag Day in Philadelphia. Flags fly from the windows of many houses all over the city, and on that day many visitors go to look at Betsey Ross' house, and take children to see where the first American flag was made.

Jean Fraley Hallowell.

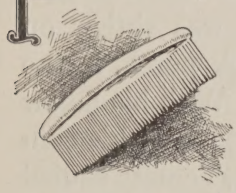
JUST FOR A JOKE.

What did the Black Cat do? Guess!

IX



Hurrah for Independence Day! The whistles were blowing, and the were ringing, and the little boys were shouting, and all this meant Fourth of July morning. Before the struck five, the children were up and out. They dressed the house with and red; white and blue bunting, and hung the porch with gay Japanese ready to light up when night came. Then they had a parade in the garden. Tom was the Captain. He carried a and marched proudly at the head of the procession. Each little soldier wore a fine paper and carried a Fred had a beautiful new and he came last, drumming with all his might.

Polly played the fife. It was only a  covered with tissue paper, to be sure. But Fred had a real to blow. Now we will fire a salute!" cried Tom, after they had marched around and around the "When I fire, all wave your and say Hurrah!" He laid a big red cannon on the garden walk, and the children all stood on the porch to watch. "But I haven't any !" cried Prissy. "I laid it down a minute, and now it is gone!" "Wave your then!" cried Tom. "Ready, fire!" Bang! went the ! and while the children shouted, up jumped something black and red and white and blue. "Oh!" cried Prissy, "Puss is a Fourth of July cat! He wanted a to wave too!" And what had the Black Cat done? Guess!

Margaret Johnson

PETER PEACOCK.

PETER.

TOMMY was sitting on the back porch, in the sunshine. With his elbow on his knee, and his chin in his hand, Tommy smiled lazily at Peter's mincing manner as he tip-toed back and forth on the stone walk.

Peter was Aunt Lizzie's pet peacock, and a most beautiful object to behold. Just now, with his gorgeous tail full-spread, he was wondering why Tommy didn't toss him bits of bread, as people generally did who sat on the porch, and he continued to step back and forth, back and forth, expecting that Tommy would throw the bread.

Tommy thought Peter acted like a sentry in uniform on duty, pacing his beat; and when Aunt Lizzie came to the door she agreed with Tommy that Peter Peacock made a very magnificent sentinel.

"And he acts as if he felt proud of himself, doesn't he?" said Tommy. "I wonder if he knows how handsome he is! I wish Peter could see himself."

"We might let him have a look," said Aunt Lizzie; and she went into the house and brought out a mirror. She placed it on the ground, leaning it against the churn which was standing in the sun to dry. It was quite a tall mirror, one in which Peter could see himself full length.

Then Aunt Lizzie sat down beside Tommy.

Peter came mincing slowly up to see what the shining object might be. Peter was always much interested to examine anything new.

As he came nearer and nearer, Peter lowered his crested head, stretched out his neck, and at last put his face close to the glass.

With great surprise he saw a peacock, with lowered head and outstretched neck, gazing at him.

Aunt Lizzie and Tommy could see that Peter thought he had discovered an intruder in his yard; also that he thought it depended on his smartness and quickness to catch him and put him out.

Darting around back of the churn, he stopped in astonishment not to find him there. Raising his head, he looked sharply all about the yard to see where the other peacock had gone.

Three times did Peter come back in front of the mirror and assure himself that another peacock really was there. Each of the three times he darted back of the churn to pounce upon him—only to be too late.

At last Peter Peacock stood still, and thought for as much as a minute.

Once more he came back. This time he looked long and carefully at his gorgeous enemy, all green and blue and bronze. Then with a quick spring he leaped straight up right at the mirror, and came down on the other side with an air which plainly said:

"This time, my boy, I have you!"

Aunt Lizzie sprang too, but too late.

The sudden flirt of Peter Peacock's long silken tail had knocked down both mirror and churn.

But the crashing glass and rolling churn did not disturb Peter. He seemed to think that his enemy was buried under the ruins. Spreading his tail and settling his head down into his shoulders after the fashion of all Peter Peacocks, he gave two or three piercing war-whoops of victory, and minced daintily away.

Margaret Colton.

THE BAD MISS KEETO.

MISS Keeto went to call
On little Betty Ball;
She knew the way quite well,
And did not ring the bell.
Now Betty was asleep—
A darling curled-up heap;
Miss Keeto flew about,
She really felt put out.
"I didn't bring a card,
And 'tis a trifle hard,
That little Betty Ball
Won't know I made a call—
I know, I'll kiss her hand,
And then she'll understand."

I'd like no friend to bring
A kiss that left a sting!

Helen A. Hawley.

WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ?

(*Mothers' Department.*)

VACATION BOOKS.

MANY schools require so much work that boys and girls have little time for reading. The golden days for learning something of real books, for following out the half-hints of lessons, lie between June and September.

Fathers and mothers who can afford to pay tutors and governesses have their children taught two or three hours a day all through the summer; and the vacation schools in our cities give pleasant occupation to thousands of little folks who would otherwise be sitting on hot, crowded sidewalks listening to foul street-talk. It is the children of families neither rich nor poor that are in the most danger of running wild in vacations. Many cannot afford to take their half-dozen children out of town for the summer. They must be contented with a little garden, perhaps only a back yard, and an occasional street-car ride, or a day in the Park. What shall their mothers do with them?

Books will keep them in the house during the hot part of the day, *but they must be books that are not read at school.*

I find among the young people of to-day who have gone through a High School course a great deficiency in general knowledge that the school-books do not give. You remember Miss Yonge's story of *Magnum Bonum*, with its wholesome atmosphere of happy family life—the tale of the little mother who was a child herself with her children, and taught them to play the old Roman legends of the goose that saved the city, and the Gauls invading the Forum where the senators sat in their ivory chairs, until the Romans became real living friends instead of letters on a printed page. You remember, too, perhaps, how different the historical knowledge of one of the boys taught in this way was from that of his cousin, who had grown up in an old-fashioned school and a house where the mother had no interest in her children's plays or studies.

Vacation is the time for historical stories that the children do not hear in school. I recommend Church's *Stories from Eng-*

(*Continued on page ii.*)

You Can Get Nothing Better Than the Best.

Miss Parloa, of the American Cookfng School, who is a recognized authorithy on the subject, says

The MAGEE RANGES ARE THE BEST

Quick, sure and even bakers, economical with fuel, and are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every particular with proper use.

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Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Tonsilitis, Pneumonia, Asthma, Erysipelas, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

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FOR CHILDREN.

Harold's First Discoveries.

By J. W. TROEGER. Illustrated. 12mo. 25 cents.

This is the first volume of the "Nature Study Readers," a progressive and graded series of books for the study of natural objects that present themselves to children in their ordinary surroundings and occupations, and that are generally within their reach.

The Hall of Shells.

By Mrs. A. S. HARDY. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, 60 cents.

Books upon marine shells, either not too expensive or too learned for common use, are few, and this volume will help to awaken an interest in the sea and its treasures.

News from the Birds.

By LEANDER S. KEYSER. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, 60 cents.

Instead of telling all that is or may be known about a particular bird, only such incidents are recited as will spur the reader to go out into the fields and woods and study the birds in their native haunts.

Curious Homes and their Tenants.

By JAMES CARTER BEARD. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, 65 cents.

Every boy and girl will find in this book a rare fund of entertaining and instructive reading, greatly enhanced by the many illustrations made by the author expressly for this work.

Crusoe's Island.

A BIRD-HUNTER'S STORY.

By FREDERICK A. OBER. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, 65 cents.

The author gives a description of the veritable island in which Robinson Crusoe lived his lonely life, the scene of his wreck, his cave, his bower, his Man Friday, the birds and trees he saw or ought to have seen, together with a narrative of the author's own experiences in the wilds of Tobago; and his life for a time was much like the original Crusoe's. It is a book of unusual interest to both old and young.

Send for Illustrated Descriptive Pamphlet of

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NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.

lish History (Macmillan, $1.50), Andrew Lang's *Red True Story-book*, and his *True Story-book* (Longmans, $2.00 each). There are certain stories that are the common property of the human race, that every child should know, and the best collection of them is in James Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories Retold* (American Book Company, 35 cents). It contains the dear old familiar tales, historical or legendary, such as King Alfred and the Cakes, Robert Bruce and the Spider, William Tell, Horatius and the rest. One a day, told or read by the mother, re-told, re-read, and then acted by the children, will last through nearly the whole of the vacation. It is the time, too, for stories of child-life in old times and far-away countries, like Church's *Three Greek Children* (Putnam, $1.25), Jane Andrews's *Ten Boys* (Lee and Shepard, $1.00), or Schwatka's *Children of the Cold* (Cassell, $1.25).

Children learn poetry in school—Longfellow's, Whittier's, and kindergarten poems of birds, bees and flowers; but in vacation a poetry-loving mother may repeat famous ballads, or let her boys and girls learn them by heart. A child is always fascinated by the old ballads, like Chevy Chase, Sir Patrick Spens, or the Heir of Linne. A little book that was published forty years ago, Grace Greenwood's *Stories from Famous Ballads*, gives a good idea of them, but the ballads themselves are better; and you can find at least a dozen that are a delight to the little folks in Graham R. Tomson's *Border Ballads* (Canterbury Poets edition, 35 cents). When I was a little girl Grace Greenwood edited a paper, The Little Pilgrim, in which these ballad-stories were first printed. It also had her sketches of travel, afterwards collected under the name of *Merrie England and Bonnie Scotland*, full of information about famous authors and places, told in a pleasant style. These two books may be out of print now, but can sometimes be found at second-hand dealers and are worth owning.

Vacation is the time, too, for giving children their first knowledge of art and artists. There are so many good and cheap reproductions of the great pictures of the world that you and your little

(*Continued on pape iii.*)

people can easily make scrap-books, or better yet, mount every picture by pasting the corners to a sheet of manilla paper, with two holes punched in one side. These sheets can be tied together by ribbons run through the holes, and put into covers. Even a little child can soon learn the names and styles of great artists.

Caroline M. Hewins.

(To be continued.)

BOYS and GIRLS

To introduce my celebrated Cleaning Fluid, a preparation that removes oil, pitch, tar, paint and stains from the finest silks and woolens without injury to hands or fabric, I will give a nice watch with chain and charm for selling 1 doz. bottles at 25c. each. *Send stamp for list of other premiums.*

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Cures permanently. Contains no injurious ingredients. Different from other remedies.

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For Whooping Cough, Croup and the Ordinary Colds.

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SOUTH BEND, IND.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school and am in the Harper's First Reader. I would like to tell you about a robin that tried to build its nest in the transom over our door. It brought strings and grass and chickweed and even a bit of a Christmas tree from the next yard. It littered the porch so much that we could not let it stay; so it has built its nest some other place.

George Watters Ford.

RED CREEK, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—My mother gave you to me for a year, for a Christmas present. I did not know about it until the magazine was taken from the Christmas Tree on Christmas morning. I like this present very much. I am a stamp collector. I have over two hundred stamps. I am eight years old.

Wilson M. Jenkins.

ROXBURY, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years old. I like you very much. I have six numbers. Sometimes I take them to school. I let some of the other children take them too. I like the story about the Black Cat. Mama says *Little Folks* is a very nice book. Mama says it has the right stories for children.

Grace Grayle Masters.

ABILENE, KANSAS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am going to school next year. I go to town to bring Esther from school sometimes and I am lonesome at home without her to play with. I help mama take care of the plants every day. I have a beautiful freesia that is in bloom that has ten blossoms on it. It smells like oranges. We have some little chickens that are very happy and we have more hatching. These little chickens came on Valentine's Day. The others will come on Washington's Birthday. I think that "Puss in Boots" would be a better cat if he had told the right truth to help his master. I didn't write this letter myself, I told the words to mama and she wrote them for me, but I spelled a good many of them for mama.

Ben Haskell.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

Dear Little Folks:—I think you are very nice. In the March number I think "Sweetheart's Piece," and "In a Kindergarten" are very delightful, because "Sweetheart" makes me think of my little sister Ollie; and I let Ollie have my best doll, because it makes her so happy.

One morning I woke up and heard the clock strike the half hour. I got up and found it was half past six, and dressed. Then I went out in the kitchen and got breakfast. When breakfast was nearly ready and mama heard me coming into her bedroom, she thought it was someone else. I told her to get up for breakfast was nearly ready. One night I washed and wiped the dishes all alone in twenty minutes. I belong to the Junior Endeavor and I am nine years old to-day.

Florence Lucile Reynolds.

Dear Little Folks:—Most of your readers know, I fancy, what "towns" are; but few, I think, have seen a dog-town. While the towns in which you live are inhabited by people, the towns I will tell you of are inhabited by little cunning animals—the prairie-dogs. Your towns of people grow larger each year, and more and more are built; while dog-towns are fast disappearing from our land.

Dog-towns are made by the prairie-dog away out on the Western plains, and as men settle on these plains and till the soil, the prairie-dog must seek another home. Like the poor Indian of the plains, he has about come to the "jumping-off place." Prairie-dog towns have been known to cover a whole section of land, or land a mile square, but more often only a quarter section and sometimes only a small piece of ground.

It is quite an interesting sight to see these towns with their cunning inhabitants running from house to house. These houses are dug under ground and all we can see is the circular mound which is the door or entrance. The mounds are thrown up like any earthwork in a round heap about two feet in diameter and one foot high in the centre; the highest part is the entrance hole, where the dogs stand and bark or chirp at anything that passes by, then in a twinkling disappear as if swallowed up by the earth. Many hundreds live together and subsist on cactus and other vegetable growth, while they in turn are lived upon by the owl, badger and rattlesnake. The coyote, that graceful but sly creature, comes in, too, for a share of the dogs. I have seen four of these wily coyotes in a group, waiting for the little dog to make his appearance, only to be seized and eaten.

The prairie-dog is of a light tan color. He is cunning, both in looks and actions, and more nearly resembles a squirrel, or a rat, than a dog. His head and tail are more like a dog than any other part of him, but is small of course, as the creature is not more than nine inches long and six inches in height. His bark is not much like anything you ever heard. If you are at a distance, he will stand at his hole and bark, but as you go nearer, he will suddenly disappear in his hole to reappear as soon as you are safely past. Sometimes the dogs grow quite tame, as they become used to passers-by. It is a funny sight to see a large town of these little fellows barking and visiting with each other, coming and going as quickly as a flash.

People have tried to make artificial dog-towns. At the Centennial celebration of 1876 at Philadelphia, a dog-town was built, and it was thought so interesting that the people wished to preserve it and tried to do so, but the little dogs die if taken from their native soil.

Van Zandt Crownoir.

TRAVELLING WITH LITTLE CHILDREN.

WHEN on a journey with little children, especially in hot dusty weather, it will be found a great comfort to have with you a bottle of soft soapy water to which has been added some good cologne. To keep the bottle company there should be some soft cotton wash-cloth material cut into bits about two inches square.

You can frequently quiet a tired travel-stained child by wetting a bit of cloth and washing the dust from its hands, or the specks from its eyes, throwing away the rag when it has once been used. It is most soothing to a nervous child to have its dry lips and heated cheeks touched with a wet perfumed cloth.

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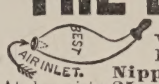

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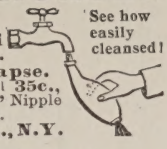

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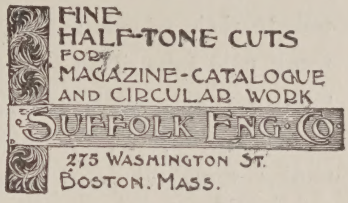

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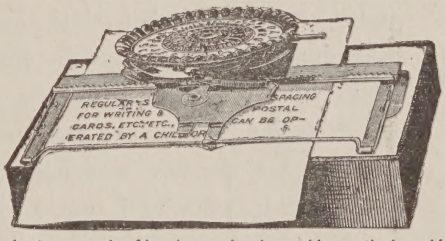

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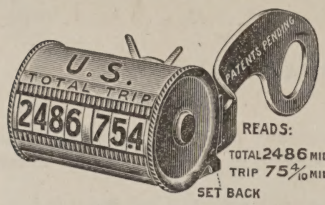

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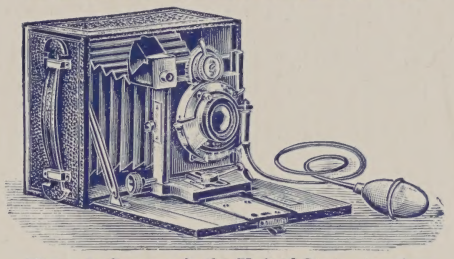

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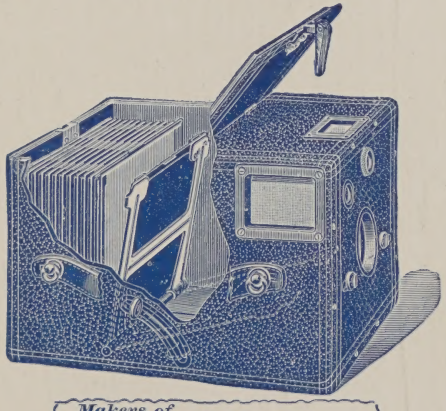

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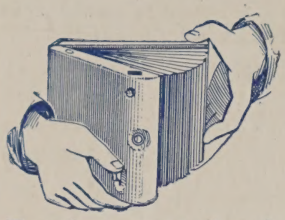

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